

The Best Fun.

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening for sliding, snow balling, and fun generally.

"How?" "What?" "What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once.

I heard Widow M.—tell a man while white ago—over Froddie, that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, tell's go and make a big snow man on her door step, so that when she returns she can't get into her house without first knocking him down.

"Capital," "first rate," "hooray," shouted some of the boys.

"So here," said Charlie N.—"I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several at once.

"Wait a while," said Charlie. "Who's got a wood saw?"

"I have," "so have I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world day on wanna wood saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie, "it is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an ax, and I will get a cleaver. Let us be back here in fifteen minutes, and then I will show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun could be, and what possible use could be made of woodsaws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also an acknowledged leader; and they fully believed in him and in his promise.

Their curiosity gave elasticity to their steps, and they were soon as good as dead.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. M. is gone, for I met her when I was coming back; so let's be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several in unison.

"You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs. M.

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. M.—tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would have hardly any thing to make a fire with in the morning."

Now, we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easy as we could build a great snow man; and when Mrs. M.—comes home from her watching she will feel as much surprised to find her wood sawed as she would to find a snow man on her door-step, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's project; so they finally joined in, and went to work with a will.

"I'll go around to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we'll take turns in sawing, splitting, and carrying in the wood; and I want to pile it up real nice; and to shovel all the snow away from the door, and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street—won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to appreciate the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and individually experienced that self-satisfaction and joy which always result from well-doing. Off to goods has been.

It was not a long, wearisome job, for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the poor half a cord of wood, and to make a good path. And when, it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction that one of the few who objected to the work at first proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The proposition was readily acceded to, and, this done, they repaired to their several homes, all of them more than satisfied with the fun of the weary evening. And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching the labors of the boys, she told how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys," was, of itself, an abundant reward for their labors.

Cattle and Sheep as Graziers.

In discussing a recent paper by Mr. Hope on Cattle Feeding, the London Economist remarks:

"The following indicates a disadvantage in grazing sheep as compared with cattle: 'As a rule, animals generally eat in proportion to their live weight, but this is modified by their age and condition. It has even been found that if ten sheep weigh the same as one ox they will consume daily the same quantity of turnips; though it is curious that a piece of grass that will maintain an ox grazing will not keep more than six sheep.' That sheep kept in great numbers on meadows will soon diminish the quantity of grass produced, is a fact which we have again and again verified. And many years ago, when going over his farm with the late Mr. Henry Overman, he referred to a diminution in the produce of his meadows, which he said had been over-sheeped. In Hartfordshire, on the strong lawns, we always found the hay crops to be disappointing wherever sheep were much fed on the meadows. Cattle for meadows, and sheep for arable lands and upland pastures, seems to be, in a general way, the practical rule for stock farming."

The Sunday Register tells a story of the Green Bay region. A prominent republican politician, who has a radical wife applied to the Senator for an appointment in promising to be publicly Johnsonized if he got it. The Senator brought the appointment in person, and was invited by the gratified appointee to dinner, his wife having first been notified of the intended honor. The hungry Senator and his host hurried to dinner, found the house decorated by mistress and maid, but the dinner table set and covered with a cloth to keep off the flies. On sitting down and removing the cloth, the great banquet set for the Senator and the newly made official was found to consist solely of bread and butter.

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FISHING.

"Why Neddie, why have you been?" inquired Mrs. Steppen of her son Edward, a boy of ten, as he entered the parlor a little flushed with running. "It is six o'clock, and your school closes at four. What have you been doing since school my son?"

"O ma," replied the boy, "when we play base-ball we have such fun we don't think at all about the clock, or time, or anything else. Is tea ready now?"

This answer led Edward's mother to conclude that he had been playing base-ball. "Whatever could she think?"

But had he been playing that game with his schoolmates? Not at all. He had been "kept in" by his teacher for bad lessons, and was ashamed to confess his disgrace. She remained in her belief that he had been playing.

"What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once.

"Write a sham and a sin it is for

you to do to your good mother so!" said Neddie, conscience, as he sat eating his meal supper.

"I don't care," replied the boy to this faithful but troublesome voice; "I don't care. I didn't tell her a lie, I didn't say I had been playing base-ball."

"But you said words which made your mother think you had, and which you meant should make her think so," replied conscience.

But Edward was stubborn. He had entered the wrong path, and so he went to bed leaving the false impression on his mother's mind.

Children, did Edward lie or not?

"Of course I did, sir, I hear you reply.

"But what in the world day on wanna wood saw for?"

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